

"Now go," said she, "and seek my friend... I will acquaint the Marshal with my determination respecting you. I have a firm hope that the day may yet come, mysterious as your present conduct, when this wretched business will be cleared up, and show that you have never been unworthy of my trusting love."

CHAPTER XX.—GONE.

Save a visit at stated intervals to families of note residing in Paris, such as that of the Baron de Breteuil, there was no change in the home life of the Marshal's family, and, as far as might be possible, the late painful episode in the life of Isabel was hushed up.

The enjoyment experienced by Margaret at the supposed defection of her foster-sister was not of long duration. She had hoped to have seen her fall for ever in the love and esteem of those who had adopted her, and driven with scorn and contumely from her home. But had she really been as guilty as Margaret desired she should be, her sin could not have been visited on her head with greater severity than it was by others who, with the proneness of poor human nature to look on the black side of things, had received as gospel truth Margaret's narration, so that in a few months, notwithstanding the circumspection of Lady St. John, the character of Isabel was done to death.

The misfortune of the whole affair consisted in Isabel's refusal to make, what is termed, a clean breast of it, and declare the whole truth from beginning to end. She had persisted in keeping silence at all risks and hazard to herself, and after the first painful interview, Lady St. John had never recurred to the subject.

Whether in the quiet reunions with the few Jacobite families living in the neighborhood of St. Germain, or during the few months of the year more gaily spent in Paris, it was equally the same; a certain restraint marked the intercourse of others with the unfortunate Isabel, and rapidly it was exchanged for a cold and cutting neglect.

During many months she looked long and anxiously for a letter which never came; that hope had alone supported her, combined with the matchless love of Lady St. John; it grew fainter and fainter as time passed on. Twice the winter snows had fallen since the fatal evening on which she had pledged herself to secrecy, and yet not a word, not a token that she was remembered; so that ever and again she asked herself, had he escaped the hands of justice? was he still alive? would the hour of her own death come and the shadow still hang over her? could she say who had committed the theft unless restitution was made?

She had herself, in a letter blistered with her tears, released Maurice of the truth he had pledged to her, and her mind then became absorbed with one idea, which she hastened to carry into execution.

Early one morning, when the family assembled at breakfast, she was absent. The chateau and its immediate neighborhood were searched without avail, and Margaret was nothing loth to hint that perchance the unknown had again appeared upon the scene and spirited her foster-sister away altogether.

All doubt, however, was soon at an end by Lady St. John receiving a letter, a few hours later, couched in the following words:

"Forgive me, beloved Madam, for the unauthorized step that I have taken in absenting myself from my beloved home without a formal adieu to those to whom I owe far more than words can express. I have borne with coldness and constraint on the part of others, because I have hoped that very long ere this he who bound me to silence would have released me from my vow. Hope has at last died out, and I have resolved to retire into the most utter religious seclusion till, by the mercy of God, the shadow that has fallen on my reputation shall be cleared away."

"I have fled no farther, most beloved friend, than the abbey wherein you placed me to be educated. I have besought the good nuns to allow me to pass my time in teaching their pupils, so that I may not feel myself a burthen on their charity. Trusting that the day may yet come in which, under happier circumstances, I may present myself before you."

"I am, dearest Madam, your very affectionate, ISABEL FITZGERALD."

Much as the members of the Marshal's family regretted the step Isabel had taken, they felt but little surprise after the first shock caused by her flight had passed away. As to Margaret, she could with difficulty restrain her joy. It was now quite possible that Maurice St. John might no longer be proof against her fascinations. But, though the field was apparently clear, though the beautiful, unscrupulous Margaret had now no rival, she was not a whit nearer the end to gain which she had so basely planned and plotted, for Maurice, at best, was but coldly civil.

At length the weary tedium of her discontented life was broken by the news that she was to accompany the family to Edinburgh, and with unspeakable joy she made the preparations for her journey.

"Farewell, odious old chateau," said she, apostrophizing the quaint old home which had sheltered her infancy. "Farewell, for a time at least. If ever change of scene and change of persons were anxiously desired it is by me, and what care I for his neglect?" she added, with an expression of contempt on her handsome face. "My beauty may attract admirers elsewhere even if it has passed neglected here."

To be Continued.

"Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long," is a libel, Josh Billings asserts. He says: "Man wants every thing he can see or hear or, and is never willing to let go his grab. Whenever you find a man who is thoroughly satisfied with what he has got, you will find either an idiot or one who has tried hard to get sum more and couldn't do it. The older a man gets the more wantful he becomes, and as his hold on life slackens, his pinch on a dollar grows more grippy."

BISHOP LYNCH.

HIS LECTURE BEFORE THE XAVIER UNION.

"What to Read and How to Read."

The Right Rev. P. N. Lynch, D.D., Bishop of Charleston, S. C., delivered the following eloquent lecture in Steiny Hall, New York City, under the auspices of the "Xavier Union." We quote from the Irish American.—

Ladies and Gentlemen—I regret that a medical injunction forbids me making use to-night of the notes I had prepared for this lecture. I must beg you, therefore, to excuse the desultory manner in which I shall be forced to speak. The subject for our consideration to-night "What to Read and How to Read" is simple in its expression, but it touches a question of vital importance, and indicates an immense change that has taken place in the world. Not many centuries ago, if you had undertaken to tell one what to read he might have laughed at you. Printing had not then been discovered; the few books that existed were in manuscript, and each one the result of weeks, months and perhaps years, of labor in some monastery or abbey or religious house of study and seclusion. Manuscripts were then of peculiar value. Those who were the fortunate possessors of them guarded them with the greatest care, and handed them down from generation to generation. The kings and princes of the time treasured them as their sacred possessions and pawned them as they would the royal jewels of the crown. And as for students, they had only such manuscripts as they could indite, as they listened to catch the words of their teachers, or as they might write, by the midnight lamp, while poring over the manuscript loaned to them by some fellow-student. And yet, in those days, the minds of men were active and craved the food of intellectual knowledge, as in our day; and in default of books, or perhaps, before they thought of books, knowledge was sought through oral instruction. As far back as we can go in history we find schools and universities filled with learned professors, surrounded by multitudes of hearers, the young, and those advanced in years also. So it was in Alexandria, so in Athens, so in Rome, and elsewhere, even in the old heathen days. When Christianity came into the world, the Church quickly took possession of those schools at Alexandria, at Rome, and elsewhere. They were gathered hundreds of auditors, drinking in the words of Christian Wisdom. Wherever the missionary went, wherever the Church was established, there was the school established likewise for Christianity and learning must go together. Then came over all Europe the tide of heathen barbarism. Almost every thing human was swept away. Schools and colleges disappeared; but, far off in the ocean was one island which that wave could not touch, where Christian schools had been established, and where they continued. And the Irish historian loves to go back to speak of the great monastic schools of Armagh, Lismore Bangor, and many others throughout that land. And when after the convulsion of Europe, order was being restored through the agency of the Church, schools and many universities were established, and very many of the first professors came from Ireland to bring back to the continent of Europe those lessons which their ancestors had received in more fortunate ages. And the work went on throughout France, Germany, Spain, Switzerland, and I should say, above all, in Italy. Universities were established and prospered. They were the institutions of the world. Princes gave them lands and endowments, nobles left their legacies, and it would be a most interesting history in the legislation of the world to follow up and to explain the legal rights of these gifts to the universities and their privileges during the centuries in which they flourished. That of Paris, for example. The city, itself, then not so great, was an island, still called the city. On the northern bank were the castles of the nobles and royal castle. On the southern bank, in that portion of Paris called the "Latin Quarter," there dwelt, in the grand University, hundreds of professors; and these gathered over thirty thousand students from every nation in Europe, as a municipality, a city by itself ruled by their own laws and customs, with their own guard in their own quarter; for their literature was honored, their University was honored and no man dare lay a hand on it. Four hundred years ago or more, while that University of Paris was in its most flourishing condition,—while its grand library was gathering manuscripts,—while its professors were holding fort in all the sciences,—while students from Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, England, Ireland, France, were all gathered together in their various nationalities, and the young men were seeking, as I stated, each to make his little manuscript of the lessons he was following,—there appeared a grey-bearded doctor, a learned man, from Germany, and he brought with him a number of manuscripts. It was seldom that one man was seen to possess so many, and they were all for sale to the professors and wealthier students at prices that were lower than ever had been imagined possible. All the University were speaking of Doctor Faust; and all were aglow over his rich possessions of manuscripts; and you may imagine how they were scanned and how eyes pored over them. But soon they found out strange things. Every mistake that was in one was in every other,—every excellency that was found in one copy was found in throughout all the rest.—The first word in every page was alike in all of them. The capitals which began each chapter were variously embellished in colors but ordinarily every-thing was alike. The flourishes here and there were fac similis; it seemed that the penman had pressed with his pen amount of ink and the weight of hand, and had stopped his flourish at the same identical point. They could not understand it. There was something in these manuscripts entirely inexplicable, something contrary to all the rules of manuscript; voices were heard saying perhaps it was due to the magic arts, then so rife in Germany; and Dr. Faust found it convenient to withdraw from Paris. But soon his secret was discovered. Printing was done in Holland, Germany, in Italy, and in the various cities in France. Books began to be printed of great advantage to the student. And, now, one who wished to pursue a course of labors was not tied down any longer to such a profession of mediocre talent. He could find out for his own mind, for he might obtain books containing the lessons of the greatest professors of his age, and of some of the universities of times past, whose fame filled the world. He was not bound to go far from home to live in some university; he might have his books under his own roof. He was not bound to any set hours; he might labor during the day or night; "burn the midnight oil" over the pages. So it came to pass that the need of oral instructions, in a great measure, was no longer felt. Books supplied the place of professors—not entirely, for oral instruction, is the normal and natural mode of instruction and that which comes home first to our nature, and that which God has sanctioned in the teaching of His holy religion. When I look on a professor—when I look in his eye—when I study the play of his features—when I listen to his words as they come living from his lips—I am myself more wide-awake; I see more quickly; I understand more thoroughly; I catch the life of the subject, as he gives it more than I can poring over the book or pages of paper in white and black. Still, the world has not given it up, as I was tempted to say; but, as the world gives free expatriation to the impulses of nature, the olden style comes in vogue—that if I am lecturing to you, speaking to you to-night, it is something of the old

principles of the old universities. It's pleasanter, in ordinary life, to hear a man speak than to read what he has written.

But printing went on. Books multiplied, as century followed century, and as art after art was discovered, until we have come to the oceans of books we have now: books on every subject—on theology, on religion; who shall count the thousand of tomes in folio, in quarto, and octavo, and the immense number of pamphlets that treat on every subject; and books of science, how many more. What subject is there, what art, what trade, what profession, what is there that man can speak or do, on which there are not a multitude of books on which alone, perhaps, an extensive library may not be gathered.

So it has come to pass that the world has changed. Now-a-days, children receive the element of instruction, a far greater number of them, than there did in the centuries long gone by. They learn to read and to write; they learn astronomy, and they learn science, more or less of them. But, as the world goes on, the child's or youth's education ceases at that very age when, in those olden times, he would have entered the university; at that very age, when his faculties developed, and when he became first conscious to himself that he really had the power of intellectual reasoning that enabled him to grasp the truth, and to understand it, and to concatenate the subject and reason on it. Before, in earlier years, he learned by memory, he learned as he was taught, but now, when he commences to feel the power of thought within him, his education ceases; and he goes forth into the world. Henceforth to him books must take the place of professors,—excepting the legal profession, the medical profession, and, perhaps, some others, to a certain extent, in technical instruction. Education for him in the sense of being taught by another has ceased. He must study for himself, he must read for himself. His university is the university of printed books. How shall he read, and what shall he read? What shall a young man entering on life,—what shall the man engaged in business, who feels that beyond the affairs of the life in which he is engaged there is within him an intellectual nature superior to the body—a mind craving knowledge, faculties to be developed, strengthened, and cultivated; that will give to him pleasure in the enjoyment, and strength beyond anything that the mere cultivation of the body can do, no matter how luxurious the food, or comfortable the surroundings. Yes, what shall the young man read? Some say plunge boldly into the ocean of literature, read all that comes before you; the entire field of science is open; you have books on everything, and they have been written in a style which even the youngest can understand. Fill your mind with all these sciences, and you will understand the dealings of Providence with nature. Your mind will be open to receive a large insight into the things around you. You will understand the laws of nature, you will have the mastery over them, you will be able to control them, and you will be able to do your part into the advancement and progress of the world. And though from different motives, such is the course that is ordinarily followed. Looking around me,—going over in my mind the many men and women that I have known who have read, how many have plunged themselves blindly into the sea of books, reading whatever came to hand, reading without system, reading much but learning little, and profiting nothing. It seems a fair thing to say that much reading fills the mind with much knowledge; that much knowledge improves; and that when many men know many things, they will be able to control the country, to guide the people securely, and ignorance will be banished and superstition pass away and the world continue on in its strides to perfection. But, if we will examine we will see that here a vast error is made, no proper account is taken of the faculties of man, nor of the customs or habits prevalent among men. If I am to build a house, it is not enough that I should have a beautiful design of all that is to strike the eye, it is not enough that what I shall see, or others shall see, shall be full of grace or good taste. I must look well to the foundation hidden under the ground, that no eye will see; it must be firm, true, and good, and if it be faulty, despite of all its visible beauty the walls will soon show many fissures and cracks, and ere long fragments of it will come toppling down. Again, man's mind cannot embrace everything—no, we must systematize, we must husband our forces, we must apply them to special subjects. This is true in all things: in the field of learning it is true, the man can be master in many sciences—no man can lead the way in every science, he must devote himself to one.

Bishop Lynch then gave a rapid glance at the extent of the field of science, literature and art which is open to the students,—a field so vast that no one man could master all its details,—and each could only hope for excellence by devoting his attention to that department in which he was called to labor individually. The lecturer then continued:—

What then shall men read? What then shall men know? What is the most important knowledge? I place first the knowledge of our holy religion. I think everywhere, but more especially in this country, every intelligent man and woman should be well read upon that subject, and should have mastered it as far as they can. In every country that is good, but here it is necessary, more necessary than, perhaps, elsewhere, or in former times, so that any one of you that hears objections raised to his religion he can answer the question touching our doctrines and show the reasons supporting them. This is an especial want of ours and has been the need of the English speaking Catholics for some centuries. So it has come to pass that the polemical literature of the Catholic Church of the English language (I speak of the popular literature) is superior to that which I know in any other language.

Bishop Lynch then recommended to the study of his hearers "Milner's End of Controversy," as well as a work written by the late Right Rev. Dr. McGill, of Richmond, presenting a condensed summary of Catholic doctrine scientifically presented and logically connected, going over the field in such a way that any man can learn if he will but study; and if he will but think over it, he can learn the precise doctrines and their connection, for this is one of the truths of Catholic theology,—that as truth does not contradict the truth of one doctrine, but is allied to it, so the whole doctrines of the Church scientifically presented, form a series of truths bound together, and as intimately acquainted together, as are the truths of geometry itself.

After recommending careful and discriminating study, the lecturer continued:—

Take up the first history. No nobler field of knowledge is presented to us, for in the study of history we see the past, and ages are revealed before us as in a living, moving panorama. The cheapest wisdom is that which we learn at the expense of others. History tells us what others have done, what they have suffered, what has been the course of consequence to themselves. Yes, if we understood history well there would be much more wisdom in ruling, in shaping the destinies of men. It is because we look at the present, magnifying it, as it were, by a microscope, and forget to look back at the past; at that philosophy which teaches by example in the events of ages long gone by, which, if we knew and understood, would tell us what now should be done—what now should be avoided. But in reading history, we English speaking Catholics find a difficulty. Of all things, I think, that the English written history of the past three centuries has embodied more of poison in it against the Catholic Church than any other branch of literature. If an English writer were treating of the old heathens—Greeks, Romans, Egyptians, or Assyrians, he must bring in some slur against the Catholic Church. If speaking of the decline or downfall of the Roman Empire, there, again, we must be struck. If he

comes down to the middle ages, all is darkness and confusion; and in modern times every calumny is paraded against us—even now, in this present age, things are better, thanks to Rankin, Cobden, Hallar, and Maitland, who have put the seal of condemnation upon many of the old statements made against the Catholic Church, so largely swallowed by those who believe in the monstrosities of Fox's "Book of Martyrs." Still enough remains. Have you not heard within a few weeks one who claims to write history repeat and reassert that the massacre of St. Bartholomew is fairly chargeable to the Catholic Church and to the spirit of Catholicity? No more chargeable than was the coup d'etat that Louis Napoleon made in 1852. The whole question was a question of power. Catherine de Medicis and her friends thought that they would gain power and rule the King; and they were unwilling to lose it; and so they took this step, not from any love of religion, but from the same motive which impelled Louis Napoleon, in 1852, to seize the reins of Imperial power.

Next we come up to the subject of science, which in these days has attained wonderful popularity. There is published a Review that tells of things which, fifty years ago, the highest professor would only pretend to dream of, and makes them familiar to the young lads attending school, even before they know how to translate "Cæsar." But I have another remark to make akin to that which I made touching history. There is a school of men advocating the sciences who are intensely hostile, not to say to Catholics specially, but to religion and revelation generally. They are puffed up by the pride of intellect, and are unwilling to admit anything that they themselves do not see, and omit no opportunity of presenting what they hold to be facts most striking when they think they militate against any doctrine that the Christians would accept or believe. Again: they do not say the same thing they said a few years ago;—a few years hence they will contradict what they say to-day. Hence is confusion among them. If one be true the others must be wrong, and if true at this time they were in error before, and will be in error in the future. It is well then that we should go back a little to the history of their attacks on religion. One of their greatest attacks is to say that man appeared on this earth little better than an animal,—perhaps a highly-developed lower animal. He ranged about the forests and fought the wild beasts with his hands, or with a stone, club or branch that he tore from a tree. By degrees he made artificial weapons of war—he made a little flint hatchet or whatever he had. They tell how his dwelling place was in caverns in which they find the bones of animals. And they say he was rude, oh! most rude, and they would speculate and calculate about his mental condition,—why the formation of his forehead was low?—the bones of the skull must have been very thick, the hollow that received his brains must have been very small. Perhaps he could barely utter a few words. He could scarcely be said to have an idea of language. Well, it came to pass that in one of those olden caves they found the skull of one of the olden men, and, for a wonder, the skull was well preserved. Oh! here was a prize—now everything was verified,—they examined it. The skull bone was very thin, the texture was very fine, the brain cavity was very large; and, on the whole, the skull would have very well have suited a professor of Oxford.

I must draw to a close; I shall not enter upon the subject of poetry, nor on the subject of novels. Poetry I know little of; and of novels which everybody reads, I can only say that when we give ourselves up to them, they injure the mind and bring it to a state of mental hysteria. I know the novel of late has been made the vehicle of much truth, therefore I must respect it when good and properly used. And poetry is good and grand, for even the inspired writers wrote in poetry. But, come down to the modern school of that sensational novel which is upsetting justice, and making out man to be a man of passion. Where do they present man as he should be,—a creature of God, knowing and striving to serve Him? Where has a hero a true sense of religion? I do not mean that the novel should be a religious novel, full of doctrines of religion; but even if it is history of daily life, why should it be man without God? Why should it be a world of passion only as presented to us—there is too much of that around us; we need something that will fill our hearts with noble great, and profound thoughts.

How shall we read? We must read with system, choosing the book and choosing the subject. We must read with attention, knowing that we undertake a work of importance—a work of cultivating our higher and nobler nature—a work more important to men than the accumulation of a fortune. Then, in reading, read with deep attention—read, think, and digest. We must labor for our children, not alone for them because we love them; we must labor to save them; we must labor to save the young from being thrust forth from the fold of the Church,—from her maternal arms, and made impious unbelievers in God by interposing the influence of all that is stable and true in reading,—not for ourselves alone but for the country; for after all it is but the prevalence of intelligence that conforms to the spirit of the true conscience and the knowledge of God; and it is in this only that this country or any nation can find solid, enduring peace and safety.

The Rt. Rev. lecturer retired amidst loud and reiterated applause.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE CATHOLIC UNION OF IRELAND.—A meeting of the council of the Catholic Union was held on the 2nd ult. in the Council Rooms, Henrietta-street, Dublin. His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop attended the meeting. The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Granard, K.P. president occupied the chair. A satisfactory financial statement having been made the following resolution was proposed by Sir John Bradstreet, Bart., and seconded by James A. Denise, Esq., V.L., and was unanimously carried:—"That the council of the Union meet in future (for the transaction of business of detail), on every Tuesday at one o'clock." Letters were read from His Grace the Archbishop of Cashel, John Tassie, Esq., J.P., and others, and the following interesting communication which had just been received by the Union from its Munich correspondent laid before the council.

MUNICH, June 27. "On the 21st of this month, the Redemptorists of the diocese of Regensburg received the blow they had been expecting. On that day the royal Commissioners appeared in the establishments of Niederachdorf and Mariabilsberg near Vilsbiburg and announced to the Fathers that they were immediately to suspend all religious functions. At the same time they were given a paper to sign in which they were called on: 1st. To leave the country by the 1st November; 2nd. Not to hold missions or spiritual exercises in the interim; 3rd. Not to hear Confessions, or even give holy Communion; 4th. Not to preach or to visit the schools or the sick; 5th. Henceforth only to celebrate low mass, during which they are not allowed to read the Gospel aloud in German nor give the asperges with holy water. (In this last clause one remembers involuntarily the fact that his Satanic majesty is also said to have a wholesome dread of holy water. Can it be that our present enlightened legislators fear it also?) In Mariabilsberg the Fathers were summoned to leave the confessionals at once; in Niederachdorf it happened that the following day several hundred pilgrims arrived who learned with grief what had come to pass, and who were then obliged to return

home without having received the holy Sacrament. With what sentiments our simple believing people received the news, need not be said. At any rate affection and fidelity to the empire have not been increased by this event, nor respect and love for those whose duty it was to protest in the name of the Bavarian nation. However, the recompense for this and similar actions will be secured according to merit sooner or later. The meeting of the Union of German Catholics which had shortly before been prohibited by the district judge, Lubert, took place in Landstuh on 22nd ult., and had a brilliant success. The Rheinflasz says:—"The number who arrived per rail carriage or on foot mostly accompanied by music and banners is difficult to compute. Landstuh was so to say flooded by strangers. The Garden Gerning at the foot of the Schlossberg was so crowded that hundreds were not able to come within hearing of the speeches made. At least five to six thousand must have been present." The little town of Landstuh had also prepared a brilliant reception for its guests and was richly decorated with flags and banners, the blue and white, the black and white and red, the black red and gold, the yellow and white, all were to be seen waving among the decorations of the streets. During the meeting the streets were quite deserted. The meeting was begun by the sending of a congratulatory telegram to the Holy Father on the occasion of his commencing the 28th year of his reign, and an address of submission to his Grace the Bishop, was pronounced. No disturbance, no accident clouded the day. A Liberal paper estimates the number of the participants at 2500 so that the double that number will be about correct."

Matters relative to the further extension of the Union and organization of new branches having been discussed and arranged, the meeting adjourned to Tuesday, 5th August, the next ordinary meeting.

THE ORANGE ANNIVERSARIES.—THE ADDRESS TO THE ORANGEMEN OF IRELAND.—Orangemen of Ireland, let me tell you that your society, with its actual principles and objects, is absolutely without one scintilla of a raison d'etre. The genuine and generous principle of your order was the maintenance of "civil and religious liberty." Lately you altered your tone, greatly for the worse, in your cry of religious ascendancy. Even admitting what I really believe is very probable, that you held the ascendancy of your Church to be necessary for your religious freedom, what excuse have you for that cry now? What danger is there now for "civil and religious liberty," and is not your "ascendancy" gone to the dogs? Take and read, and "inwardly digest," this resolution, unanimously adopted by your Grand Lodge, in April, '69:—"That the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church in Ireland would be a direct violation of the act of Union, and would annul, cancel, and render void every word and article thereof; and, therefore, that the Legislative Union of Ireland with Great Britain would thereafter be maintained by superior physical force solely." That English Parliament treated your remonstrance with contempt. I call upon you to pay your allegiance to that Parliament in the same coin, and join your countrymen in their resolve to get rid of it for ever. In a speech of mine, in the Home Government Association, two years ago, I said, speaking of your body—"Their idol, too, after all, was better than ours. William of Orange was undoubtedly one of the largest minded men of his day, and the cause which triumphed through him was the glorious cause of civil and religious liberty. And if the Orangemen will once more truthfully resume that cause, from which perverse circumstances have turned them aside, there is no reason why we may not be good friends. And if they will do that, I believe the time is not far off, when, notwithstanding all that it has cost us, we, too, shall rejoice in William's triumph, and on every 17th of March crown his brow with a wreath of shamrocks, and on every 12th of July adorn his breast with a broad scarf of green." I uttered that sentiment in perfect truthfulness. I repeat it now in the same spirit. It was received by the meeting, the great majority of whom were Catholic, most cordially, and I am persuaded that every one of my brother priests, every man of heart and mind amongst us, heartily joins in the according chorus. Why, then, good friends, will you still go on knocking your heads against the wall, for no earthly purpose? Throw an eye over that chapter above, "The work of our young Irish Parliament;" you see that every item of it comes as home to you as to any of us. It shows a strong national government, absolutely unsectarian, working earnestly for the benefit of the whole undivided people. Turn your back, then, upon the men, whoever they are, who would make you their blind instruments in marring this bright prospect—those false ministers of a religion of peace and love, whose sole aim seems to be to scatter rancorously around them the bitterest seeds of strife, discord, and hatred; and those saintly landlords, who by the stimulant of a desperate zeal for the C. U. C., too innocently swallowed up by you (seeing the Church is in no danger), make themselves your M.P.'s, to rob you of your tenant right. We do not ask you to cease to be loyal to those of your leaders, who, like William Johnston, act up to the spirit, the true spirit of the sentiment of "civil and religious liberty" without any repulsive bigotry. Let every one of the members, whose election you can control, belong, if you like, to the conservative party; only demand that one pledge suggested above—superadding to it, perhaps in some places, a pledge for the maintenance, pure and simple, of the Ulster 'enact Right.—From Father O'Malley's book, "Home Rule on the Basis of Federation."

The Home Government Association have issued a practical address, with reference to the approaching general election, calling special attention to the fact that only three months remain during which to take the steps necessary to entitle those possessed of the needful qualifications to legally entitle themselves to the exercise of the franchise. The Association furnish a code of simple instructions—similar to that which we furnished lately for the information of our Registration Committees—setting forth clearly the grounds on which the lodger-franchise may be claimed, and how claimants may place themselves on the list of voters. With the modus operandi so widely published, nothing but culpable negligence, or criminal apathy, can deprive any man of the right to vote bestowed upon him by the Legislature. With an eye to the future of the "burning questions" of religious education and representative government, our people, and especially the local registration committees, should set to work promptly and energetically to develop their strength in time for the coming parliamentary struggle. The names announced at each succeeding meeting of the Association show how steadily Home Rule principles are prading among the clergy, and the representative laymen who appear to have been convinced of the soundness of the policy advocated by the latest *fiasco* of the Imperial Parliament, Mr. Gladstone's secular University Education Bill. The hostile press are at length recognizing the reality and importance of the national movement, and we are told that "no Government need be surprised if some sixty or seventy Home Rulers, many also Ultramontanes, are returned at the next election." All politicians worthy of the name had, we thought, looked upon that as a foregone conclusion long since. Speaking of the present position, and sanguine as to the future, the Daily News says: "The lesson to be drawn from our political experience is not a lesson of political content. It is one of national determination. Ireland has learned it. Roscommon has proclaimed it. Now Waterford takes up the word. The general election will send it rolling in thunders of demand across the Irish Sea, and then, please God, we shall carve out 'the work of the session' for our masters."

O'CONNELL MONUMENT IN ENNIS.—A general feeling